

GEORGE A. ROMERO

004 **MARVEL**

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY!
NOT FOR KIDS!**

EMPIRE OF THE DEAD



ACT THREE

ILLUSTRATED BY
ANDREA MUTTI

A MESSAGE FOR THE COMMITTEE TO RE-ELECT MAYOR CHANDRAKE

AS YOU ALL KNOW, IT'S BEEN FIVE YEARS SINCE THE UNDEAD MENACE FIRST BEGAN TERRORIZING THE WORLD. UNDER MAYOR CHANDRAKE'S LEADERSHIP, NEW YORK CITY HAS BECOME A FORTRESS OF ISOLATION AGAINST THE UNDEAD PLAGUE.

CHANDRAKE'S GUIDANCE HAS ALLOWED US, NEW YORK'S SECRET CABAL OF VAMPIRES, TO RETAIN OUR POWER AND CONTROL. DESPITE ALL CHANDRAKE HAS DONE FOR US, THERE ARE THOSE WHO WISH TO SEE HIM BROUGHT LOW. RUMORS OF DISCORD AMONGST CHANDRAKE'S HAREM OF WIVES, PARTICULARLY LILITH, ABOUND. CHILLY DOBBS, ONCE ONE OF US, IS RUNNING AN OPPOSITION CAMPAIGN BANKROLLED BY RUNYON, A KNOWN COMPATRIOT OF REBELS AND OTHER UNSAVORY TYPES.

TWO OF THOSE WARRING REBEL FACTIONS HAVE DESCENDED UPON THE CITY, ONE FACTION BY AIR, THE OTHER BY SEA. INTEL SHOWS THAT RUNYON, HAVING WITNESSED THE DESTRUCTION, MAY BE MAKING A BREAK FOR IT WITH SAID BANKROLL.

KEEP NEW YORK SAFE. KEEP NEW YORK OURS. SPREAD THE WORD AND VOTE CHANDRAKE!



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WEST SIDE HIGHWAY.



JEST LIKE I FIGGERED. THE COPS ARE CHASIN' AFTER THE BOOMERS. WE'RE WAY AHEAD OF 'EM.

WHAT ABOUT ZEB, DANIEL?

HE'S LOST IN THE CLOUDS SOMEWHERE. LONG GONE. IN THAT STUPID-ASS BALLOON.



WE CAN SEE 'EM FROM UP HERE.



THEY COULD SEE US, TOO, ZEB.

YEAH, 'CEPT THEY'S TOO STUPID TA LOOK UP.

WE'LL CATCH UP TO 'EM.

YEAH. BUT... WHADDA WE DO THEN?

DROP SOME HELLFIRE ON 'EM.



KICK THEIR SORRY ASSES AND WALK AWAY WITH THE LOOT.



BUTTERCUP'S BROTHEL.









CAN'T SEE
INTA THE BACK
OF YER VAN.
WHAT YOU GOT
IN THERE?



UNDERWEAR.



I JUST
CAN'T WAIT TA
SHOW YA MY
UNDERWEAR.

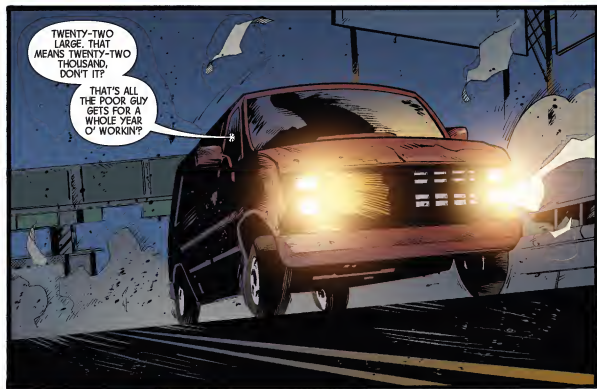


I'M
GONNA
HAFTA TAKE
A LOOK.

WHAT,
AT MY
UNDERWEAR?

I GOTTA
LOOK AND SEE
WHAT YOU'RE
HAULIN'.





TWENTY-TWO
LARGE. THAT
MEANS TWENTY-TWO
THOUSAND,
DON'T IT?

THAT'S ALL
THE POOR GUY
GETS FOR A
WHOLE YEAR
O' WORKIN'?



YES, DIXIE.
THAT IS WHY
THE POOR GUY
IS A **POOR**
GUY.



HOW
MUCH ARE
WE CARRYIN'?
LOOKS LIKE
MILLIONS
TA ME.

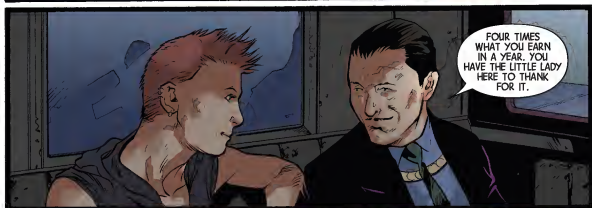


MORE THAN
THAT. **MILLIONS**
AND **MILLIONS** AND A
COUPLE OF **EXTRA**
MILLIONS.

HMM.

BIG LOUIE,
STOP THE CAR.
THERE IS A LITTLE
SOMETHING I WOULD
LIKE YOU TO GET
FROM THE
BACK.





LIBERTY STREET.

EYES OPEN,
BOYS...

...THIS
IS STINKER
TERRITORY.

WE MADE
IT, BROTHER.
THE FEDERAL
RESERVE!

HOW
COME THEM
DOORS AIN'T
SHUT?

SOMEBODY
MUSTA...
SCREWED UP.

SCREWED UP? AT THE
FEDERAL RESERVE? NOT
LIKELY. AND HOW COME
THERE AIN'T NO FOLKS
PROTECTIN' THIS
JOINT?

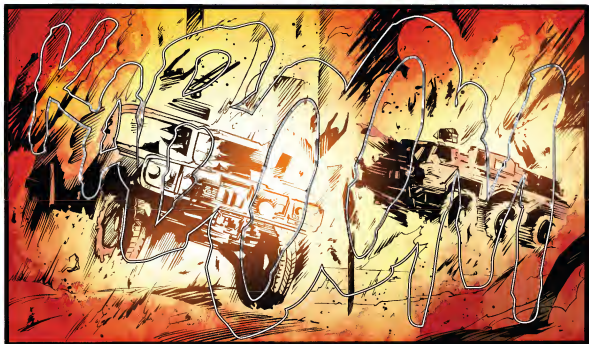
MAYBE...
THEY'S ON
A LUNCH BREAK.
COME ON, LET'S
GO INSIDE.













WHAT
THE HELL
IS GOIN'
ON?



THEY
THINK WE GOT
THE MONEY.

THERE
WASN'T NO
MONEY.

THAT DON'T
MATTER...



THEM
BASTARDS
THINK WE
GOT IT!



DANIEL,
WHAT'RE WE
GONNA--

AAAAARGH!!!

KABOOM









